### THAT ARE WORTH READING. NEW PAPER SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY

Jack London Gives Us a Delightful Story About a Dog in Alaska.

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SEVERAL SHORT REVIEWS

The author states that the purpose of his book is to describe all the game birds.

The author states, and to tell where the same birds in the United States, and to tell where the same to expend the same birds.

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The described in Seribner's series of "Books for Books for Boo

SEVERAL SHORT REVIEWS

"Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," by Mary King Waddington; "A Victim of Conscience," by Milton Goldsmith; "A Sociable Ghost," by Olive Harper; "How Paris Amuses Itself," by F. Berkley Smith. Features of the New Magazines.

THE CALL OF THE WILD. Written by Jack London. Published by the Macmillan Company. For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book and Stationery Company. Price \$1.50.

No other American can write of Alaska,

in the sun-kissed Santa Chila variety of Judge Miller, where he was so cted by the household that he came we fine pride in himself, arrogating tirs that comported with his actedged kingship in his California

cotch half breed, and doubled on the call, retracing with the other dogs who be comed the team the weary way to Dawson, dragging the mail train behind him not them. When Buck now lay beside the amp fire after he day's work was done, he Sunland of his early past seemed im and distant, and the stirrings of his eredity grew stronger and stronger; the call!" sounded nearer and clearer, and his dreams were full of wislons in which memories of the past quickened and bework and leadership, but change to bad masters, coupled with insufficient food and incessant toil, brought him near the out of his spark of the and by the in-vention of John Thornton, into whose up, at the mouth of White River, kk's owners had strayed. These ners pedarted and left him behind, an followed the episode of his life with of he most vivid chapters in the tells of how Buck won a wager for Thornton, of sixteen hundred dol-

lars.

The winning of the wager enabled Thornton to go hunting for gold into the Alaskan East and find it. While he and his partner gathered their dust and nuggets, the dogs were resting, and the "call of the wild" came still clearer and louder into Buck's ears day by day. One night he sprang from sleep into the forest and, hasding made friends, ran and hunted having made friends, ran and hunted with his wild brother, the wolf. His affeetion for Thornton brought him back, but he took to sleeping out at night, and as he came to know his power and the full measure of his strength, now developed in its vigor and perfection, the lust of killing awoke in him and made him formidable, indeed. In the fall of the year,

of killing awoke in him and made him formidable, indeed. In the fall of the year, he chanced upon a wounded built mosse, cut it off from the heard, ran it down, made prey of it and had his feast. After this was over he turned his steps homeward. He found there a band of yechats, who had slain John Thornton and his partner, and were dancing about the ruins of Thornton's cabin.

The dog fell upon them and avenged his master. When they were gone he sat and mourned for John Thornton, but when the night came once more, he heard the culk and answering it, he was soon "running side by side with his wild brother, and yelping as he ran. There was nothing left to hold him longer and when the long winter nights came and the wolves followed their meat into the lower Alaskan valleys, he might be seen running at the head of the pack through the pale moonlight or glimmering borealis, leaping glegantic above his fellows, his great throat a bellow as he sang a song of the younger world, which was the song of the pack."

The story seems easy telling in the retrospect. The force that has been put into it, the strength with which Klondike matters have been touched, the lifting of the curtain welling that primordial land, and the sombre glimpese that are given—these things come only into the consciousness of the reader who must acknowledge that although the fame of the book has preceded its coming, its half cannot be told; it must be known.

it must be known.

OUR FEATHERED GAME. By Dwight
W. Huntington. Charles Scribner's
Sons, publishers, New York. \$2 net.
For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.
This is a hand-book for sportsmep, is.

he same importance.

He treats very entertainly, how-

TTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE. Written by Mary King Waddington. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. For sale by the Bell

THE SOCIABLE GHOST. Written by

This book gives an account of what a young newspaper learned and saw from a "Sociable Ghost." whom he met in old Trinity churchyard one May night. An acquaintance begun then and there led to the reporter's attending an underground ball, banquet and a convention. The underground "four hundred," their doings, conventionalities and amusements are described in a very entertaining and clever way. The book is highly original and very funny.

HOW PARIS AMUSES ITSELF. By F. Berkeley Smith, author of "The Real Latin Quarter." Illustrated by the author and other artists. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Mr. Smith has in this book given a good idea of how one amuses one's self in Paris. There is no other place in the

can be had as in Paris. The verb "s'amuser" is fully defined in Mr. Smith's hooks. Some of the illustrations are very

ship which cheeks obtains there, but which is not so frankly avowed elsewhere. The author's tendency to note these facts rather insistently lowers the moral tone of his work and detracts from it as a study. It tells of the great variety of places where the whirl of the world is checked for the sake of diversion, of the innumerable eating houses and the scores of little theatres. These two lines workers, the major part of the world. scores of little theatres. These two lines embrace the major part of the work. Much is told of the personality of the restaurant keepers and of the managers of the cabarets and "bouls-bouls," or miniature play-houses, while occasional descriptions of characteristic patrons of these places add to the human interest of the volume,—R. L. M. S.

#### August Magazines.

The August number of the Smart Set is the best yet published of that most successful magazine. The total of its contents—in story, poem, essay, humor—is ents—in story, poem, essay, humor—is admirable both for its literary worth and for its interest, while the variety offers sufficient for the best taste of every

Mrs. Burton Harrison contributes the novelette, "Sylvia's Husband," which is perhaps the most fascinating piece of fec-tion this author has written. The story is delightful, absorbing and done with resulting them.

is delightful, absorbing and done with peculiar charm.

Among the short stories of the number is one by Gertrude Atherton, "The Bell in the Fog," which is of profound power. In wholly different vein is "The Wire-Tappers," by Arthur Stringer, stirring, astonishing, unique, Other contributions in short stories and poems are fully up to the "Smart Set" standard.

E. Nesbit appears again in Ainslee's with a story in the August number even more interesting than "The Lie Absolute". It is entitled "The Force of Habit," and while it is, in fact, a psychological study, it is not in the least didactic; the picture is drawn delicately, and with the utmost skill, and with the same outmistic producings. with the utmost skill, and with the same optimistic good-nature that pervades "The Red House" and "The Lie Absolute" by the same author.

John Oliver Hobbes is an August contributor. So is Charles Belmont Davis; and last, but not least, Myrtle Reed, whose story is very clever.

"Everybody's" has a cover legend for

## TO START UP

Jeffry Montague and Others

Behind It.

WILL CALLITTHE CAVALIER

beautiful syle. "A vacation Symposium," by Frederick North, has been so delightfully illustrated by Anna Whelen Betts as to embody the real spirit and verve of out-of-door life and living. The entire liable of contents makes the August "Everybody's" most desirable. Politico-Literary in its Nature, it Will Be Published Every Saturday Morning and Will Be of a Very High "Country Life in America" has in it August Issue the following little pictur poem, aptly described by its name-"Mid summer": Character.

. . .

And wearily the patient herds
Of dun-red Jerseys seek the shade aOr slake their thirst amid the

ch. He says Roman

By shrinkage of the pasture stream re

Mr. Alvah D. James, the 'here's man journalist, has undertaken for "Field and Stream," the charge of an expedition into South America. The expedition is

into South America. The expectation in equipped for a fifteen months journey. It landed at Callao, Peru, and after three months in the higher Andes will descend the Amazon from its headwaters to its mouth. Mr. James has taken with him an expert photographer, a taxidermist and a naturalist. The story of his progress through a land of the greatest future importance must be of interest alike to the nature-lover, historian, scients.

There will be another "Pa Gladden

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Cash.

Catholic Church is th

Another bold attempt is about to be made to wrest victory from a stricken field whereon many have gone down in confessed defeat, and this time the atveal'd.
Deserted, brown and dusty lie the fallows;
While outlined on the hills against the sky
Flocks of white sheep, close-shorn, in silence lie. H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., in the World's Work for August, makes some comments which show his idea of the wonderful organization of the Roman Catholic Church. He save:

The Roman Catholic Church is the most wonderful organization in the world. The German Emplre, the French Republic, the Italian Kingdom are in their infancy, the United States a little more than a hundred years old; the empires of Russia, Austria and of England cannot run their claims back a thousand years; but within a hundred years after the death of Christ we find a Bishop of Rome writing to other churches with authority; and within a few centuries the church was organized very much in the same fashion that it is to-day, and the Pope had become in importance second only to the greatest kings.

There will be another "Fra Guiden story in the August Century, "The Tramp." For this the material was largely drawn from family tradition, for Polladden's character is actually based upon that of Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Waltz's father, Major John Nicholas Cherry, of Columbus, Ohio, a man of broad and genial charity, much humor and quaint phraseology.

Who is Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, whose Proceedings stories have made her known

incident to that bitterly controversiange; they came not to conquer and despoil the weak, as did Cortez in his bloody march from the sea to the halls of the Montezumas, and Pizarro, in his perflig to the unfortunate Incas of Peru; but they came to challenge new opportunities in fresh and undeveloped fields and reap the fruits thereof, in search of fertile land to cultivate with the avowed object of building a new state upon the new continent. They were a high-spirited people and fully able to defend their rights and liberties either in the old or the new country, and neither feared persecution now were they persecuted in the homes that they left. They came to this country because they loved nature and out of doors. On the other hand, the Puritan migrated to this country because he had been unsuccessful in the land of his nativity and felt that he had been oppressed and was persecuted there. He came to this country better his condition, and the descendants of the Puritan Pilgrim, after three centuries of culture and development in his new home, has at last reached the successful, happy, and contented condition of the Cavaller—the Puritan of yesterday is the Cavaller of to-day, but there is still here, and will always be in every country and of every race, a Puritan element that by his very discondent and determination to better his condition is always adding to the Cavaller element as he progresses."

c, a Puritan element this to better his ditton is always adding to the Cavaller ment as he progresses.

Of course, I am perfectly well are, "says Mr. Montague, "that some my more insouciant friends and many partial strangers will be laying odds. Cavaller will not live a year," year, and the same that the same is a complain of prejude. I thank heaven I am full of prejudes. But I trust my friends are as net to correction as I am. You have the seen to correction as I am. You have the seen to correction as I am. You have the seen to correction as I am. You have the seen to correction as I am. You have the seen to correction as I am. You have the seen to correction as I am. You have the seen to correction as I am. You have the seen that the seen is been care and seever, who eximple reason that nobody has tried before, as near as I can discover, who before, as near as I can discover, who before, as near as I can discover, who all severybory who can help it along mas aloof and croaks about the death onless of its predecessors, it is along that along the seen in the seen in the paper, and see that onless of its predecessors the venture it is along the properties. If he has one, is diverted in our ection, we shall survive not only the ital and be a credit to all of us before a world."

As Eveloded idea.

#### An Exploded Idea.

It is not essential to-day that a man must have a pair of calloused, horny fists, hair all over the back of his neek wear a three-year-old chip hat, smellike a section of the cow barn and when his nose on the fiseve of his wamus in order to be a successful farmer.—Reckford (ill.) Register.

# THE TWO VANREVELS-By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. By a singular chain of circumstances Miss Betty Carewe has come to con-fuse Tom Vanrevel and Cralley Gray, believing each to be the other. Miss

danger, but too late.

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued).

Tom sighed rather bitterly. He was convinced that the harlequin would come home soon, replace the uniform (which was probably extremely becoming to him, as they were of a height and figure much the same), and afterward, in his ordinary dress, would sally forth to spend his last evening with Franchon. Tom wondered how Crailey would feel and what he would think about himself while he was changing his clothes; but he Temembered his partner's extraordinary powers of mental adjustment—and for the first time in his life Vanrevel made no allowance for the other's temperament; and there came to him a moment when he felt that so could almost dislike Crailey Gray.

two horsemen who fought such that had a gallop that (the sound of their hoof-beats being lost in the uproar from Main Street), they were upon him before he was aware of them.

He leaped back with an angry shout to know who they were that they rode so wildly. At the same time a sharp explosion at the foot of the street sent a red flare over the scene, a flash, gone with such incredible swiftness into renewed darkness that he saw then flying horsemen almost as equestrian statues illumined by a flicker of lightning, but he saw them with the same distinctness that lightning gives and recognized the foremost as Robert Carewe. And in the instant of that recognition, Tom knew what had happened to Crailey Gray, for he saw the truth in the ghastly face of his enomy.

the truth in the ghastly face of his enemy.

Carewe rode stiffly, like a man frozen upon his horse, and his face was like that of a frozen man; his eyes glassy and not fixed upon his course, so that it was a deathly thing to see. Once long ago, Tom had seen a man riding for his life, and he wore this same look, The animal bounded and swerved under Vanrevel's enemy in the mad rush down the street, but he sat rigid, bott upright in the saddle, his face set to that look of coldness. The second rider was old Nelson, who rode with body crouched forward, his eyeballs like shining porcelain set in course his own horse and his master's with a heavy whip.

"De steamboat!" he shouted, hoarsely, bringing down the lash on one and then on the other. "De steamboat, de steam on the other." "De steamboat, de steam-

bringing down the lash on one and then on the other. "De steamboat, de steam-boat—fo" God's sake, honey, de steam-

They swept into Main Street, Nelson caning far across to the other's bridle, and turning both horses towards the liver, but before they had made the corriver, but before they had made the corriver. The one block between him and the forbidden ground seemed to him piles long, and he felt that he was running with all he spiece that was in him toward his entry's house. The one block between him and the forbidden ground seemed to him hiles long, and he felt that he was running as a man in a dream, and, at the lighest pitch of agonized exertion, coverage no place, like a treadmill. All that so one place, like a treadmill. All that the sort of the place of his certainty of the place of his certainty. All he lat him the prayers and the place of his certainty of the place of his certainty. All he lat him the place of his certainty of the place of his certainty. All he lat him the place of his certainty of the place of him the place of his certainty of th

the long, low house on the corner. When he reached the bordering heage he did not stay for gate or path, but with a loud shout hurled himself half over, helf through the hedge, like a bolt from a cat-

through the hedge, like a bolt from a catapult.

Lights shone from only one room in the house, the library; but as he ran towards the porch a candle flickered in the hall, and there came the sound of a voice weeping with terror.

At that he called more desperately upon incredulity to aid him, for the voice was Mrs. Tanberrys. If it had been any other than she who sobbed so hopelessly—she who was always steady and strong! If he could, he would have stopped to pray now, before he faced her and the truth, but his living feet carried him on "Who is it?" she gasped, brokenly, from the hall. "Mamile? Have you brought

across his breast, they might have been a sculptor's group. The handkerchief was stained a little. Hee the linen, and. like it, too, stained but a little. Nearby, on the floor, stodd a flask of brandy and a pitcher of water. "You!" Miss Betty's face showed no change, or even a faint surprise, as her eyes fell upon Tom Vanrevel, but her lips soundlessly framed the word, "You!" Tom flung himself on his knees beside her.

Tom flung miniser or the form of the form

"Still!" eachoed Tom, roughly. "You're "Still!" eachoed Tom, roughly, "You're mad! You made me think Crailey was dead! Do you think Crailey Gray is going to die? He couldn't, I tell you-he couldn't; you don't know him! Who's gone for the doctor?" He dashed some brandy upon his handkerchief and set it to the white lips.
"Mamle, She was here in the room with me when it happened."
"Happened! 'Happened'!" he mocked her, furiously, "Happened' is a beautiful word!"

herry. "I was sitting in the library, and Mamie had just come from you, when we heard Mr. Carewe shout fror my

Cralley's breast where Tom's took it place. She rose unsteadily to her feet and pushed back the hair from her fore head, shivering convulsively as she look ed down at the motionless figure on

got to be a man; Crailey."

to force the brandy through the tightly clenched teeth, "Crailey!"

"Crailey!" whispered Miss Betty, lean-

neavly on the back of a chair, alley?" she looked at Mrs. Tanberry vague interrogation, but Mrs. Tan-

"Cralley!"
It was then that Cralley's eyelids fluttered and slowly opened; and his wandering glance, dull at first, slowly grew clear and twinkling as it rested on the ashy, stricken face of his best friend.
"Tom," he said feebly, "It was worth the price, to wear your clothes just

And then, at last, Miss Betty saw and understood. For not the honest gentleman, whom overyone except Robert Carewe held in esteem and affection, not her father's enemy. Vanrevel, lay before her with the death wound in his breast for her sake, but that other—Crailey Gray, the ne'er-do-well and light-o'-love, Crailey Gray, wit, poet, and scapegrace, the well-beloved town scamp.

He saw that she knew, and, as his brightening eyes wandered up to her, he smiled faintly. 'Even a bad dog likes to have his day,' he whispered.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FLAG GOES MARCHING BY.
Will Cummings had abandoned the pen for the sword until such time as Santa Anna should cry for quarter, and had left the office in charge of an imported substitute; but late that night he came to his desk once more, to write the story of the accident to Corporal Gray; and the tale that he wrote lad been already put into writing by Tom Vanrevel as it fell from Crailey's lips, after the doctor had come, so that none might doubt it. No one did doubt it, What reason had Mr. Carewe to injure Crailey Gray? Only five in Rouen knew the truth; for Nelson had gone with his master; and, except Mamie, the other servants of the Carewe household had been among the crowd in front of the Rouen house when the shot was fired.

So the story went over the town; how Crailey had called to say good-bye te Mrs. Tanberry; how Mr. Carewe happened to be examining the musket his father carried in 1812, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball entering Crailey's breast; how Mr. Carewe, stricken with remores and horror over this frightful misfortune, and suffering too severe angulsh of mind to remain upon the scene of the tragedy, which his carelessness had made, had fled, attended by his servant, and how they had leaped aboard the evening boat as it was pulling out, and were now on their way down the river.

And this was the story, too, that Tom told Fainchon; for it was he in

ready given him up." she said to Tom, meekly, in a small voice. "I knew it was to come, and perhaps this way is better than that—I thought it would be far away from me. Now I can be with him, and perhaps I shall have him a little longer, for he was to have gone away before noon."

The morning sun rose upon a fair world, gay with bird chatterings from the big trees of the Carewe place, and pleasant with the odors of Miss Betty's garden, and 'Cralley, lying upon the bed of the man who had shot him hearkened and smiled good-bye to the

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